

# Peninsula Enterprise.

VOLUME XXII.

ACCOMAC C. H., VA., SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1902.

NUMBER 1.

Jno. S. Parsons. Thos. B. Quinby.  
**PARSONS & QUINBY,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
Accomac C. H., Va.

Will practice in all courts of Accomac and Northampton counties.

John R. Rew. S. J. Turlington  
**REW & TURLINGTON,**  
Attorneys-at-Law.

Will practice in all courts of Accomac and Northampton counties. Office—Accomac C. H., and Parsburg. Will be at Court House every Wednesday and court days.

STEWART K. POWELL,  
Attorney-at-Law.

Will practice in all the courts of Accomac and Northampton counties. Office—Annapolis, Md., every Wednesday and court days.

N. B. Wescott. B. T. Gunter, Jr.  
**WESCOTT & GUNTER,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
Offices—Accomac C. H., and at home of N. B. Wescott, near Mappsburg. Practice in all courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

JOHN E. NOTTINGHAM, JR.,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Franktown, Va.

Practices in all the courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia. Will be at Eastville and Accomac C. H. first day of every court and at Eastville every Wednesday.

Otho F. Mears. G. Walter Mapp.  
**MEARS & MAPP,**  
Attorneys-at-Law,  
Offices—Eastville, Northampton Co., and Accomac C. H. Practice in all courts on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

U. Q. STURGIS,  
Attorney-at-Law—  
OFFICES—Accomac C. H., Onancock and Eastville.

At Accomac C. H. every Monday and Wednesday.

Practices in all courts on Eastern Shore. Bankruptcy cases a specialty.

L. FLOYD NOCK,  
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public,  
Accomac C. H., Va.

Will practice in all courts of Accomac and Northampton counties.

Prompt attention to all business.

"Old Masonic Temple."

By those desiring a good hall for Concerts, Theatricals, etc., may rent the above by applying to

THOS. W. BLACKSTONE.

DR. JOHN G. HOFFMAN,  
—DENTIST—  
E. ELLER, D.D. Va.

Office hours:—9 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m.

DR. H. D. LILLISTON,  
DENTIST.  
—Accomac C. H., Va.—  
Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Will be at Parkley every Tuesday and Friday.

DR. THOS. B. LEATHERBURY,  
DENTIST,  
—Onancock, Va.—  
Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

DR. E. U. POTTER,  
—DENTIST—  
Will be at Bloxom Tuesday and Wednesday, and at Marsh Market Friday of second week in each month for the practice of his profession.

Office of L. F. J. WILSON,  
Stockton Ave., Greenbackville, Va.

Notary Public, General Conveyancer and Special Collector of Claims. Special attention paid to the Adjustment of Foreign and other Claims. Homestead Deeds and Deeds of Trust made a specialty. Correspondence solicited.

FRED E. RUEDIGER,  
—COUNTY—S—SURVEYOR—  
Accomac C. H., Va.

Thoroughly equipped with latest and best instruments offers his services to citizens of Accomac.

Will meet all engagements promptly.

Agents for the Angle Lamp

WM. P. BELL & CO.,  
ACCOMAC C. H., VA.,

**DRUGGISTS**  
A full line of  
FANCY ARTICLES,  
DRUGS,  
OILS,  
PAINTS,  
SEEDS, & CO.,  
kept on hand at Lowest Prices

ELIJAH J. SCHOOLFIELD, President.  
E. G. POLK, Vice-President.  
HOWARD HALL, Cashier.  
**Citizens National Bank,**  
Pocomoke City, Md.  
Correspondence Solicited.  
—DIRECTORS—  
E. James Tull, Dr. Corbin F. Hargis, Francis H. Dryden,  
Thomas J. Venable, O. M. Purcell, E. J. Schoolfield,  
S. Pierce Gordy, W. S. Schoolfield, F. W. Byrd.

**J. P. CAULFIELD & CO.,**  
222 N. Howard St.,  
Baltimore, Md.

**PIANOS and ORGANS.**

BY THE BEST MAKERS.

We handle nothing but high grade goods. Our prices and terms will interest you. Write for Catalogue, and mention this paper.

**Crisfield Ice Cream Co.,**  
(—SUCCESSOR TO—)  
Wm. S. Richardson,  
Near Ice Plant, Crisfield, Md.  
Carroll Crockett, Manager.

The new plant now in operation and all orders will be filled promptly and satisfactorily.

Can ship by Express to any station or by steamer to any wharf on Peninsula.

**Frank W. Shivers,**  
—Manufacturer of Ice Cream now located with the—  
**Crystal Ice Company, Salisbury, Md.,**

and prepared to conduct the Ice Cream business on a much larger scale and to give better cream than ever before.

Capacity 700 gallons per day.

The patronage of the Eastern Shore solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

**TO THE TRADE.**

—We would be pleased to have your orders for—  
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Builders' Hardware, Lumber, Fence and Gate Posts, Shingles, Laths, Lime, Brick and Building Material generally, also Paints, Oils, and Painters' Supplies, Coal, &c., &c.

Our Stock is large and well selected, and we feel sure will give satisfaction, both in quality and price.

Call and inspect our Stock before buying. We will be pleased to show you our goods.

**MARTIN & MASON BUILDING & SUPPLY CO.,**  
HARBORTON, VA.

**THE NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL**  
**LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.,

—Will Create an Estate For You Whether You Live or Die—

"A policy of Life Insurance is always an evidence of prudent forethought; no man with a dependent family is free from reproach if not insured."

Cut this out and send to me with your name, age and address and I will give you information as to our annual dividend policies and advise you as to what is best suited to your needs.

L. D. T. QUINBY, ONANCOCK, VA.  
Agent for Accomac and Northampton Counties.

**NOTICE**  
**TO BUILDERS!**

We have the goods both in price and quality, bought before the advance, 6,000 feet of floor packed from top to bottom, such as

Doors, also full line of P Laths, Shingles, Brick, Cement, Columns, Hair, Lime, Stone well Curbing, &c.

Send us your orders, they will receive prompt attention by

**E. T. Parks & Co.,**  
PARKSLEY, VA.

**We will bond you.**

The United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of BALTIMORE, MD.

CAPITAL: - - \$1,500,000.00.

Becomes sole security on the bonds of Administrators, Executors, Guardians, Committees of Lunatics, Curators, Trustees, Receivers, State and County Officers, Contractors, Clerks, Salemen, &c., and is so accepted by the Courts of the State.

For particulars and rates address  
O. L. Parker, General Agent,  
Stewart K. Powell, Attorney,  
Onancock, Va.

**TALMAGE**  
**SERMON**  
By Rev.  
FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.,  
Pastor of Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago

Chicago, July 6.—An inspiring and picturesque view of the Christian life of service and sacrifice is presented by Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage in this discourse on the text Psalm cxvii. 6, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Almost every home is adorned with companion pictures. If upon one side of the room there is hung a crucifixion scene, upon the other side of the room we want a picture of "The First Easter Morn'g." If upon one side we see the joyful boy gathering all together and taking his journey into a far country, upon the other side we want to see the returning prodigal being welcomed home by a forgiving father.

If upon one side of the room we hang a picture of the twilight, upon the other side we want to see the picture of the dawn. If John Heveland painted "The Breaking of the Home Ties," he feels that his life would be incomplete unless he also painted "The Bringing Home of the Bride." John Milton's "Paradise Lost" is a natural outgrowth of his "Paradise Lost."

Dante's "Heaven" is a natural sequence to his "Purgatory" and his "Hell."

So this morning the sermon which I preach from the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Psalm of David is a companion sermon to the one recently delivered upon the text, "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh also reap."

It has a companion text chosen on account of its vivid contrast. The text is selected to prove that the Christian sower has a right to expect his gospel harvest fields to be stacked high with golden sheaves of many blessings, to expect his seed to bring forth some thirty, some sixty and some a hundred fold.

It is the picture of a Christian worker sowing the sheaves of his Christ love. It is the symbol of reward, the symbol of glorified hope and joy. It is the sweeter text because in it we hear the triumphant songs of heaven instead of the bitter songs of despair.

A precious shaft, garnered by the Christian sower and reaper, is the joyful realization that by his personal acts he has been made the human means in the divine hands through which immortal souls have been saved by Christ. There is a natural desire in almost every human heart to help those who are in trouble and who cannot help themselves.

**TO THE TRADE.**

—We would be pleased to have your orders for—  
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Builders' Hardware, Lumber, Fence and Gate Posts, Shingles, Laths, Lime, Brick and Building Material generally, also Paints, Oils, and Painters' Supplies, Coal, &c., &c.

Our Stock is large and well selected, and we feel sure will give satisfaction, both in quality and price.

Call and inspect our Stock before buying. We will be pleased to show you our goods.

**MARTIN & MASON BUILDING & SUPPLY CO.,**  
HARBORTON, VA.

**THE NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL**  
**LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.,

—Will Create an Estate For You Whether You Live or Die—

"A policy of Life Insurance is always an evidence of prudent forethought; no man with a dependent family is free from reproach if not insured."

Cut this out and send to me with your name, age and address and I will give you information as to our annual dividend policies and advise you as to what is best suited to your needs.

L. D. T. QUINBY, ONANCOCK, VA.  
Agent for Accomac and Northampton Counties.

**NOTICE**  
**TO BUILDERS!**

We have the goods both in price and quality, bought before the advance, 6,000 feet of floor packed from top to bottom, such as

Doors, also full line of P Laths, Shingles, Brick, Cement, Columns, Hair, Lime, Stone well Curbing, &c.

Send us your orders, they will receive prompt attention by

**E. T. Parks & Co.,**  
PARKSLEY, VA.

**We will bond you.**

The United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of BALTIMORE, MD.

CAPITAL: - - \$1,500,000.00.

Becomes sole security on the bonds of Administrators, Executors, Guardians, Committees of Lunatics, Curators, Trustees, Receivers, State and County Officers, Contractors, Clerks, Salemen, &c., and is so accepted by the Courts of the State.

For particulars and rates address  
O. L. Parker, General Agent,  
Stewart K. Powell, Attorney,  
Onancock, Va.

band and father, and as the city missionary looks upon that battlement, filthy mass of human corruption he says to himself: "If I can only plant the gospel seed in that man's heart, it may save him. Yes, by the help of God, it will save him. And, as the mechanic's wife sows for her flowers, so that missionary sows for that soul diseased by sin. He prays with the sinner; he reads the Bible to him. After awhile the man confesses Christ and signs the temperance pledge. Then the city missionary helps that man, who was once enslaved by sin, to find work. Then he sees him bring his wages home. He sees him buy shoes for his children's feet and food for the table. Then he sees those children go to the day schools and gathered into the Sunday schools. Then after awhile the city missionary sees the father, with his wife and children, all standing before the mercy seat and praising the church, and as the missionary's eyes fill with tears he says, "He is saved!" By the power of the Holy Spirit not only one soul, but a whole family of immortal souls, are saved.

So, there is no joy on earth like the joy of the city missionary. It is one of the most precious sheaves ever garnered by the Christian worker. My brother, if you have not yet been blessed with the holiest joy of which the human heart can conceive.

Another precious sheaf that is garnered by the Christian worker is the gratitude of those whose immortal souls he has been able, by the power of the Holy Spirit, to win to Christ. No true Christian has a right to sever one link from the path of rectitude in order to win the approbation of his fellow men. He should be willing to do his full duty under all conditions. No matter what obstacles may confront him, he should be willing to draw the plumb line of principle and go straight ahead whether he is praised or blamed, loved or hated, honored or despised.

But when a Christian worker can sow the good seed and not only gather for Christ a harvest of immortal souls, but gather also the gratitude and love of those whom he has been able, by the power of the Holy Spirit, to lead to salvation, the reward of that love is very sweet. It is as sweet as the attention which Mr. D. L. Moody used to shower upon a little old woman, popularly called "Mother Cook," who prayed for the means of giving to Mr. Moody a spirit filled life—a little old woman whom perhaps you have never heard of, yet a woman whom the whole Christian world ought to love on account of the work she has done.

It is as sweet as the affection which a Sunday school scholar gives to his teacher because that teacher has led him to Christ. It is as sweet as the love of gratitude which the dying man turns upon one who has helped him to the goal of a divine pardon. It is as sweet as the affection which a child showers upon a mother's life, an affection which is developed not alone from the temporal care which she devotes to the child, but also from the spiritual care, whereby she has been able to put her child's hand into the hand of a loving Christ.

**The Heart Like a Gem.**

Like the sensitive opal when it comes into contact with the living hand, the heart of the believer is made to glow when it feels the warm love and gratitude of those whom it has led into the spiritual newness of life. The story is told that a celebrated New York jeweler purchased in Europe a magnificent collection of gems. When he returned home, he arranged these stones in a cabinet and invited some of his closest friends to inspect them. When his friends entered the room, he pointed to the cabinet and said: "These, gentle men, is the richest collection of gems I believe in all this land. There is nothing like it in value anywhere."

The friends were in raptures over the sight. In the cabinet were pearls and emeralds and diamonds and rare stones of all sorts. It seemed as though the richest treasures of the noted peacock throne of India, which was worth over \$20,000,000, had been selected for this collection. But in the midst of all these precious jewels was one which looked like an uncut piece of glass. "Why do you place such a dull, hideous looking pebble stone as that among these costly gems?" asked one of the visitors. The jeweler answered not a word. He unlocked the cabinet, took out the pebble stone and held it in the palm of his closed hand. Just as the guests were about to leave, the host said: "Let me show you the richest and rarest gem of all my treasures." He opened his hand, and there upon the palm was a stone which glowed like a live coal. It was such a brilliant stone that every guest uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Where did you get it?" they cried. "We have never seen the like of it before," answered the jeweler. "That is the unsightly pebble you saw a few moments ago in the cabinet. That is a sensitive opal, which has been warmed into what looks like a live coal by the heat of my blood."

The true Christian sower ought to be ready to sow the good seed under all conditions, no matter whether he is praised or blamed, honored or despised, but when he does begin to gather his harvest he will not only reap the sheaf of joy which comes from the realization that he has been able to win to Christ through his instrumentality. This love and gratitude will transform the jewel of his heart into a glowing gem, a flame with life, which shall glow like the richest jewel that ever flashed in the crown of a king.

**The Sheaf of Contentment.**

Another precious sheaf which is garnered by the Christian worker is the sheaf of contentment, the willingness to live happily in the midst of poverty. If a man does not mingle with the poor and the troubled, the sick and the suffering, he never fully realizes how good and kind and loving God has been to him. If a man does not visit the sickroom and try to carry there comfort and good cheer to the vain invalid, he never fully appreciates the blessings of health unless perhaps a hospital, then, while recovering from a serious sickness, he has seen intense sufferings and agonies such as may be witnessed in almost every ward of a large hospital.

If a man has never entered a home where diptheria has played havoc with the nursery or where consumption has made the young mother cough her life away, he never fully appreciates the blessings of having his children and wife by his side. If a man has not tried to carry the gospel to the outcasts and the vile, he has never yet realized the blessing of being born in a Christian cradle and surrounded by a Christian childhood. Ah, the Christian sower who sows the good seed upon the troubled sea of restless humanity, while he may be carrying a blessing to others he is also planting in his own heart the seeds of gratitude to God and of contentment with his own sphere of life.

My brother, you are unhappy. Will you let me end your despondency? Well, then, go first and buy a few flowers at the nearest florist's. "Oh," you answer, "I cannot afford to buy any flowers." Yes, you can, my brother. You can buy all the flowers I want for the money you would spend upon cigars during the next week. Then I want you to go with me for a pastoral call into the young man's room who broke down physically and who is going to die. Do you know what the matter with him? He broke down from overwork. His life's desire was to clerk during the day and send most of his money home to help support his father's family. Then he came to study at night. His clothing was very poor, his food was poor, and yet if you will go into that sickroom and carry those flowers you will find tears of joy coming into his grateful eyes; you will hear him say that, though the greatest anguish of his life was to preach the gospel, yet God knows best. Then he will plead with you to take his place. My brother, you had a father to send you through college; you had kind friends to help you have everything for which to be thankful to God, yet the greatest lesson of contentment you will ever learn is when you visit those few flowers into the grateful fountain of that dying boy's tears.

**Plant Many Seeds.**

Another precious sheaf which is garnered by the Christian worker is the joyful realization that the result of his seed sowing will never die as long as the world lasts. As we have before said, one seed properly planted will produce many seeds. These seeds which are produced by the one seed in turn will produce many other seeds. And these in their turn will produce many seeds more. So a Christian's earthly influence does not cease at the grave, but will multiply for good as long as the world lasts. It will go on increasing until the seed has been sown into the hearts of the multitude and the valleys have been crisscrossed in the last conflagration.

Dr. Louis A. Parks tells how Rev. Dr. Valpy wrote four simple lines in his confession of faith. They went thus:

In peace let me rest my weary head  
And the salvation see;  
My sinners' eternal death,  
But Jesus died for me.

Dr. Valpy gave a copy of those lines to Dr. Marsh, the rector of Beckenham, who had then placed over his study desk. The Rev. Dr. Marsh one day asked him for a copy. A short time after this Dr. Marsh, a hero of Waterloo, was visiting the Rev. Dr. Roden and he took a copy of those lines and was by them led to Christ. General Taylor in turn gave a copy of those lines to a soldier friend of his, and he also was converted. Thus the good seed which Dr. Valpy sowed many years ago has kept on through generations after generations, multiplying for good a hundredfold, and today perhaps by my repeating these lines some one here may be converted by them.

My father once told of a chain of influence more wonderful to hear even than the story of Dr. Valpy as showing the results of gospel seed planting. He started with a poor woman giving a simple gospel tract to a passerby. That tract brought this young man to Christ. This young man wrote a book, and that book was blessed of the Holy Spirit and brought thousands upon thousands into the kingdom, among others Richard Baxter, who wrote "Saints' Rest." That book in turn brought thousands upon thousands into the kingdom of God. Among other converts were this man, that man and the other man who in turn all wrote books which had blessed results. So there was developed a harvest of thousands of souls, all the direct results of one simple seed planted; the result of one poor unknown woman giving a gospel tract to a young man who was passing by. So the results of the good seed which the gospel sower sows will never die as long as this old world lasts.

**The Eternal Harvest Home.**

But the most precious sheaf garnered by the Christian sower and reaper is the joyful realization that all the harvest which results from all the different Christian plantings shall be gathered at last into the granaries of heaven. It matters not how many immortal men and women and children may be saved, nor whether they are rich or poor, black or white, Jew or gentile, Protestant or Catholic, they shall all find room for themselves in heaven. All who will accept Christ and throw themselves upon his pardon and love

can come. The sower of the gospel need might hesitate to cast the bread of life upon the troubled sea of sin, if he thought the gospel invitation was to be in any way circumscribed. But it is not. The invitation is so wide that it takes in all who are ready to be cleansed of sin. The invitation is so wide that the welcome comes from every direction. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely." That surely is a broad enough invitation for all.

And when a harvest home that will be when all the gospel sheaves shall be gathered into the granaries of heaven! The rejoicing will be everywhere. Some of us have seen the noted picture of the painter Seifert, called "The Harvesters' Return." We have seen there the joyful looks upon the faces of the men and the women who have been working in the fields. Perhaps we ourselves have lived in the country. We have shared in the joy of the laborers when the last sheaf of wheat has been taken to the thrashing floors, but the joy of the earthly harvest home is as nothing compared to the heavenly joy when all the gospel sheaves shall be gathered into the heavenly granaries. Fathers and mothers and children, they will all be there. Brothers and sisters, they shall be there. Husbands and wives, friends and loved ones, they shall be there. From the north, the east, the south and the west of the heavenly lands will be heard the cry: "Harvest home, harvest home, harvest home! This is the eternal harvest home!"

Sad to his toll he goes,  
But he shall come at twilight's close  
And bring his golden sheaves.

Now, as the gospel sower who casts his bread upon the waters shall reap such glorious harvests, shall we not be ready to sow the seed of Christ? Shall we not do as much good as we can in the few years that remain for us? Shall we not thank God that he has given to us an opportunity to work and to live for him? Shall we not find our joy and reward in sowing and in scattering our gospel seed over the field of sin, in scattering our good deeds over the great troubled sea of humanity?

To show what rewards can come from casting the seeds abroad the story is told that in the far east a father lay dying. He called to his bedside his five boys and told them that he had nothing to leave them but his farm, but that in the fields of that farm was buried a very rich treasure, and if they wanted to become rich they should go and dig the treasure out. They found it. So after the father was buried the five boys took their spades and picks and plows and went to work. They dug the fields up far and near; they dug them very deep; they dug them over and over again, but they could not find the treasure. As they had dug the fields so deep, the boys decided to plant them. Then, when the harvest came and were gathered and sold and the money filled the family treasury, the boys began to think. They said to themselves, "Perhaps, after all, the rich treasure which our father had promised us has been dug up by our spades and plows." Their treasure came not in the gold garnered from a dark mine, but in the mingled gold of a wheat sheaf. So, Christ, like the dying father, bids us find our gospel treasures by casting the good seed into the ground, by scattering it upon the sea of sinful humanity. Then we shall reap the golden harvests which shall be garnered in the granaries of heaven.

Would that we all might be willing to go forth to this gospel planting! Would that we all might get our hearts in touch with Christ, so that we might consecrate our lives for the mighty work of spreading the gospel and for gathering in a harvest of never dying souls! This is no idle hope I offer to you. The sacred word emphatically says that if any Christian sower goeth forth bearing precious seed he shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him at the earthly and heavenly harvest home.

[Copyright, 1902, Louis Klopsch, N. Y.]

**Needed Praying For.**

A quaint pingpong story comes from the south of Scotland. A young minister and his spouse purchased a pingpong kit and indulged in the game every lawful evening. Their servant fell ill, and her place was taken for the nonce by her fourteen-year-old sister, a maiden of the serious and outspoken order.

One morning the minister gravely observed to the girl, "Jessie, I hope you say your prayers every night."

"Aye, I do that, sir," last night I prayed for you and the minister."

"Indeed, Jessie; why?" queried the reverend gentleman.

Jessie without hesitation responded, while pointing contemptuously to the pingpong appliances, "Sir, when I see you and the mistress see far left the vessel's as the play at that nonsense, I'm thinkin' that ye baith sair need prayin' for!"

The minister paid heed to the rebuke and after communing with his better half quietly removed the pingpong accessories to the garret.—St. James' Gazette.

**Successful Co-operation.**

The Rochdale co-operative stores in England are doing the largest mercantile business of any concern in the entire world. The membership there reaches nearly 2,000,000, and with their families, numbers nearly 10,000,000 people.

They are operating about 3,200 retail stores and had a retail business last year of over \$250,000,000, returning to the members \$40,000,000 in dividends. They employ over 100,000 people in their various lines of business.

They have scores of thriving factories and several enormous wholesale houses. They have many ocean steamers that do their business all over the world. They do an annual banking business of over \$175,000,000.

They have built over 25,000 homes for their people and have acquired millions of dollars' worth of property of various kinds for various purposes.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and the world laughs at you.—St. Louis Star.

**LET ANIMALS AND DISEASE.**

**Serious Throat Affections Disembodied by the Parrot.**

The newspapers of New York have published the interesting details of a prominent society woman's display of affection for her dying and dead parrot. There was even question, it seems, of an expensive funeral, with many of the accessories usually accorded to those higher in the scale of being. The parrot is said to have died of a severe throat disease. According to one of the New York papers, owing to the swollen and inflamed condition of the bird's throat it was unable to talk and seems also to have been unable to swallow. Notwithstanding this, the family is said to have bestowed many caresses upon the ailing bird.

It may be as well to remind foolish individuals whose affections are so perverted that there is a very contagious disease which attacks especially the throats of parrots and which on a number of occasions has been communicated to human beings with serious and even fatal results. This disease, called psittacosis, from the Greek word for parrot, was first studied about five years ago in Paris during an epidemic that developed in that city and was for a long time a mystery to attending physicians. Altogether about fifty human beings were attacked by the disease during one winter, and of these about 40 per cent died. It is very probable that pet animals are vehicles for the distribution of a good many more diseases than has been thought. This disease germs very seldom travel through the air, though this is popularly supposed to be the usual method of conveyance for microbes. Flies, mosquitoes, birds, pet animals of various kinds, are undoubtedly quite often the medium of contagion.

The more is known of the biology of disease germs and of the intermediate host between man and man the more it is realized that usually living things and not inanimate objects are the carriers of infectious material. Some time we will reach a stage of civilization in which it will be realized that wild extremists in making pets of animals, denaturalizing their lives and making them liable to all the ills of humanity besides their own, is a relic of savagery and is too often a manifestation of that barbaric selfishness of spirit that delights in slaves. When this bit of unthinking primeness is done away with, we shall have less of the morbid spirit that fosters antisocial and similar movements.—American Medicine.

**A Congressman's Story.**

Congressman Littlefield of Maine, who is one of the speakers that the house delights to listen to and whose voice is a rare oratorical equipment, tells this story about himself:

"It was up in Buffalo in the 1896 campaign. A local lawyer and I had been assigned to a big meeting. The local man was introduced first and proceeded to draw from his pocket a manuscript, from which he started to read. At the end of an hour of the worst sort I ever heard my ambitious friend clover in what he thought was a blaze of glory.

"Three cheers for the speaker for finishing!" some one yelled.

"The cheers were given, and then I was introduced. It was a tough proposition, but I jollied along with the crowd for some fifteen minutes and then launched into what I thought was my best line of talk. I finished all right, and the chairman said I had made a hit. In driving to the hotel after the meeting the local speaker said to me:

"Mr. Littlefield, if I only had your voice, with what I have to say, I would be a wonder!"—New York Tribune.

**She Didn't Go to School.**

Recently a